

# CROSS WOT

25

A Genuine Typo and a half



DIVINE  
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THE CHATS

As seen on  &/or 

ALL YOUR FRIENDS LIKE MUSIC AND  
YOU DO TOO: Surrender With Dignity?

A REFERENCE TO NOTHING: and all you  
permit? If You Know Best Take it

Ok

yeah

## **DIVINE**

Divine is good ot listeni to , if you want, for a classic electronic manic dancefloor weirdness. Divine is the best, I love the way Divine moves and the gravelly voice. You just have to dress interestng and be confident and whichever body you have you can be like Divine but I cant guarantee you can have Divine's mind and central nervous system. But the movements and songs are anthemic and innately human just about, assuming you have movement of neck muscles and can weild a whip or some silimalar. You don't have to get expensive clothes and stuff either, just don't be half-arsed and ironic about it because that's kind of depressing like you're a scared little boy or stiff lipped cringer inside afraid of being teased. "You think you're a man but you're only a boy.. You think you're a man but you're only a toy..."

The "i am beautiful' thing might seem tiresome a little bit even though this came before katy perry, christina ageulira, and also the whole hypersexual sassy thing which is fun but if you want something wholesome you uptight straight person, still listen to those great songs but there are also old rock n' roll covers like Walk Like A Man and Twist All Night. Much more interesting than the originals. Stuck in my head.

## **BELINDA CARLISLE**

Keep A Light On For Me and Heaven Is A Place On Earth are two of the greatest 80s songs. I don't know what the first one's about but on the second one they have heaps of glowing world globes tying in the sexual allusions with world peace. This isn't just about sex or romance, see, this is about real human sex and romance. If you had a romance movie you'd want all the romantic cultural and historical settings laid out too otherwise we'd all just be like these generic 'person' templates. That might be kind o finteresting actually – what romance looks like when you're both stuck in a bland room losing touch with any outside plot or storyline. Heaven Is A Place On Earth is the triumphant ending when you get colour on your face & hair and get to find your way outside where there's life as far as you can see. Wind blows your hair like a vintage shampoo ad and ah your mind's eye sees

Belinda Carlisle and a bunch of vulnerable, enthusastic 80s ditzes singing with the chorus and you think oh dear, I kind of get the 90s a bit better now. You might crawl back to your stuffy little room with half read classics, 70s lino, crumbling Chesterfield couch and feel like you're really cool. Millions of Gen X are doing the same thing and the adults on TV are afraid of you. But your Mum likes Belinda Carlisle. There's something wholesome about it, but she is a barbie. Who cares, they all are – we all have defining features that are inaccessible to others and appeal to less noble instincts, that we project out to the world in self-righteousness or ditzzy giggling, or apprehension. eg. this zine. But everyone can sing alone with Belinda Carlisle idealism. Hope there's more historical hits to find.

## **SEX TOURISTS (self-titled LP)**

SYDNEY 2017. It's one of the best two albums of 2017. The art might look like something from a visual arts history textbook but it's here now for you to be a part of and not have to puzzle your intellects over. Inside's a well-placed mix of the slightly odd, minimal and banal/lonely but wonder-inducing and dancey experiments.

Oh yeah and the back of the record is as interesting as the front, but not so high brow, with a green and orange flaming skull. It's hard to bring allusions of still, alienated, but slightly hopeful dreaming and such high intensity, serious artistry, in both music and art. This all seems very natural, very modern, determinedly forward-looking. Paradise Daily Records, too! Sex Tourist is one of Bobby from Wonderful's and K Floor's top picks, which does make sense. He is very loyal to suburban family, but is a cbd GOMA regular too. Coolest thing around.

## **SACRED PRODUCT – Never the Mortgage**

The other best is Sacred Product. New Zealander Lynton Denovan has the same kind of banality-directed sane intelligence but more acidic. If you slow down Aloha Units (Ewan of Srx Tourists's other band) it sounds like a sombre monastery choir. If you slowed down Never the Mortgage, it'd sound like satan, probably. Or a lesser demon. But you know dark is expressed in

contrast to light and he's making some articulate observations here – not bland but not overstated.. You know when someone's ranting about something, campaigning really enthusiastically, or pissed off about a thing BUT they really seem to be spurned on by some *petty* thing, that isn't really that convincing? Well, something about these dry, steady songs is the *opposite* of that. There's something immaterial, less self-absorbed about it, and the Satanic Rockers the main band Lynton's known for. They can hang out in that understated, subtle, neutral zone without it consuming their fierce wit.

Rock is like an outer-suburban 1950s petrol station down the road from work in the industrial complex. It's all pavement cracks and squinting into the sun but these smart people drive up to it, relaxed-like, put in the nozzle and wink. Let's see if it still works. Free parking, at least, to get to work and hang out, drive home and drink. Fun for *you* either way. Milk it.

There's a fresh tree stump to the right of his cover picture, pasted on pink hand-painted cardboard. It's him in a big front yard, can make out a beer, leg up on something, beanie, all casual. *Sacred Product* nice confident texter script. It's all self-released as the first LP on Ready To Rock Records.

In loose/ personal terms it's Aus/NZ equivalent of the Television Personalities (in terms of being easy on my nerves) but pure local, independent and more mature-minded. Or if Iggy Pop stopped trying to wriggle around in older age and just got a weary job and thought about stuff and spoke in a blunt, reserved way, to songs that you drink and not mosh to. Best suited to graveyard shifts of Mobil stations. Before they make them automated and the workers move.

## **BENT – SNAKES AND SHAPES**

Bent was one of the first bands I wrote about but it was in a notebook. "I, wrote some stuff about Bent the other day, Heidi, um but it's just in a notebook I have to edit it um, yes I was uh, listening to your music... It's interesting..." I foggily said. "It's good to have an outlet for that kind of stuff," Heidi said, in her supportive manner. This was more than a year ago in the

4zzz carpark. Trying to settle in. It didn't really occur to me to find a place to put hand-written scribbles that other people can see and relate to. It's alright to have scribbles and scraps in Brisbane especially, hand written whimsical things, it's just that you have to find somewhere to put them and see them as worth putting them somewhere.

It'll then reach someone else's mind and they might be compelled to make little thoughts of their own. If you coax it out, they might share it with you with the wonders of modernity like paper, computers and electronic recordings. You can gently encourage, stir them up, or make somebody rethink who they should be. No just with art but your way of being in the world. Bent and members of Bent have made me think about this a lot. Their content is apolitical but sometimes kind of unsettling like the Fall is unsettling. They have authority but about what? They both have at least some songs that are extravagantly warm, like *Swimming In Your House* (Bent) and *Why Are People Grudgeful* (the Fall). The difference is that the Fall sound like they all have their arms pinned to their sides. They recall grey England. Both tough-sounding but Bent know how to sway, move limbs, appreciate lots of colour and sunlight. Mark E Smith's self-reflective songs are ones like, *Couldn't Get Ahead* and *Living Too Late*. It's squarish, political, repressed, pub-dwelling. Now both Bent and the Fall are abnormally tough minded provincial city dwellers. Something they learned from childhood and healthy exploration led them some degree apart from most, competent in their ways but scratching out their own code.

There is a lot of natural emotion behind the angular sounds of Bent. Bent out of place. Squares and circles, snakes and shapes, snakes wriggling out of structures, squares fitting, stubborn shapes, shapes becoming looser or tighter. There's thought about the world, but the ideas aren't pinned to the wall to make it more familiar. It's stories and senses least processed, least filtered through detached judgment. There certainly is learned skill here – I remember a guy in the Lismore show saying Heidi's bass and vocals was actually really hard to do at once. I guess because she learned ballet as a kid. In a

tribal village semi-wild scenario Bent would rule. One of the practices actually sounds like it's on sticks and debri.

How Bent seems so awe-inspiringly decisive and free-floating at the same time is something to figure out for ourselves. They don't need permission to be powerful. There is a lot I could write about their unique form but this is enough for now.

## **MADONNA**

This was taking shape mainly as a nice little Aus music indie edition but I decided to write here right now about Madonna instead of Heart Beach. How much heart does/did Madonna have? I dunno but I have, in part, Opened My Heart to a few good, very cool and smart songs. Being obvious ones, Papa Don't Preach and Like A Prayer. Everyone likes those songs unless you have religious guilt, I guess. Ray of Light is like Material Girl (if you watch the video). She performs it clapping in the air shouting, "Hey everybody, I wanna see you have a good time", which struck me as really Disney, really Coldplay, U2 somehow. Still, I've come a long way.

## **METALLICA AGAIN**

I am sucked into this matrix of big media. It all really warrants scepticism, doesn't it? A-list celebrities are disturbed people, why should they decide the international culture? My issue is that I want to believe in something. Maybe you just believe in the structure of big internationally uniting spectacular media and treat the content ironically. Maybe you really like and believe in the songs themselves but don't like that it was all you had, and that it's so big and hierarchical. Probably some combination, or who cares. It's there. I edited a video and got a taste for Spit Out The Bone which is notable because it's 2017 and I thought it was earlier stuff. There was a scene in the video where it was playing on a laptop and the rest of the footage is utterly shit karaoke and club music, so it stands out as the only coherent song and the self-chosen alternative. It also sounds like it's about wrestling with a dog over the bone. Which is cool. But you're the dog. Madonna's like "open your heart to me", and

Metallica's like, "Plug into me, I guarantee devotion, plug into me and dedicate..."

"Don't try to run I can keep up with you Nothing can stop me from trying, you've got to ..."

Yeah you got me. What now? What do ya want? An iTunes download? A beanie that says 'Alcaholica'? MTV Classic pay TV subscription? Afraid I can't do that. Maybe I'm a bit late for the corporate brainwashing thing too. Did you know there's tonnes of independent music that's good enough to distract & brainwash also? Ah I dunno I don't think there's much to it. They were just in an era of bigger profits and stuff. Just a bunch of dudes and provocateurs.

## **Xmas, Christmas, Christ**

Isn't the coming together of pagan, Christian and secular-materialist traditons nice?

## **WHAT WOULD YOU KNOW**

A psychologically abusive, no-win paragraph. You can skip it, I believe in you. /I barely believe in myself writing this. I just felt like I was getting soft. Rant to half of you/me:

You mass-culture-raised, reactionary buzzword-trend-adopter, paranoid mass-culture-rejecter both-ways-detached-from-everything ironist, cynical-patriarchal-family-culture-inheritor, you insular self-interested silent-treatment-to-rest-of-the-world, smug-mainly-spectator, closet ditz party girl who writes vague profundities in a struggle against what she thinks is brain fog or chemical anxiety but is really profound denial of an imbalanced and maligned relationship to life in general, you hyper-competitive ambitious kid who found out they didn't fit into the success world on TV you wanted and lacked adequate adult influence, who loads up with substances or quick fix health crazes and cries about potential mediocrity like you're a kid who didn't get an aisle toy. Then when you finally can get what you want you spit the dummy, then once you realise the pathetic protest and fail to change you have an arsenal of biochemical, psychological, socio-cultural theories to fall back on as some old schticks that makes you feel alright, that other

half real empathetic, half-schadenfreude-indulging fans feel alright about too.

We're wriggling and orbiting, moving gradually to something, recycling, bending, like it seems when you look at a bunch of atoms or galaxies. I'm probably creating a maligned metaphor here and you can maybe bask in knowing one common fact about science that *I* don't. You know one thing, one fact. What would you know about anything else, anything that might be more worthy of defining this conversation? Are you really much better or just a tiny notch up the ladder? Oh, you know something, I'm sure. Tell me. I'll be around.

### **THE PITS**

The Pits are a good old 4zzz band. There are good videos on youtube. They are cool and fun sounding. Old Brisbane.

### **COLD MEAT**

Are a good Perth band which is really fun and righteously angry sounding, like when your pores are sweating coffee and you can't focus on much but could have a really fun time on a bouncy castle. Or smashing pieces of scrap wood.

### **Cold Fish – BUNCH OF SHOWS**

They're really into it, they have momentum, I'm told. Frontman sober and seems drunk. New Brisbane. Sewers offshoot. Sewers are vital to infrastructure of the city but cold fish – well there's a window of time where it's really healthy for you and when it'll make you scared of throwing up. Here is the frontman's PSA from facebook:

“CF are on at 9pm @ the milk factory. If you come, you come. I don't want to hear your reasons as to why you didn't turn up (or have yet to see CF). We all lead different lives and do different stuff. It happens that we see each other tonight, I will appreciate it, if not, we're cool. Don't make it weird with a belated apology but if you really feel the need to apologise I will accept it as fully and attentively as I can. NAMASTE”

This entire publication is a belated apology for not turning up enough.

### **HEART BEACH - HAIRCUT**

This is an honest picture of the inner world of quiet, unfaultable, 'eternally nice' (someone's real quote) Tasmanians, now in Canada. They came back to Australia to tour even the bravest of locations like, was it Coff's Harbour or Newcastle? And sometimes played to nobody at all. I listened to their LP, it was nice. Too mature for the teen triple J crowd, too... mature for the 4zzz crowd mostly too. Sure, it's neat and pastel enough to be a triple J band like Lorde or something, but they're too intimate, too lacking self-importance. It's plain real life, soft and empathetic but not ultimately rewarding in a wordy sense for them. They're like a really neat and trustworthy travelling groups quietly sipping drinks in an ordinary venue. You'll have a nice polite chat, maybe stay with them in Canada or wherever someday. They'll be off, but you'll feel like you can see them again. Keep you grounded like sensible cousins.

### **EXECUTIVE ZONE – UPSKILL ALL NORMIES**

If the terms 'upskill' and 'kill' don't induce a similar level of dread in you, you've been coddled in a one-track career path (or non-career path) or/and you fancy yourself not a normie. These smart, sleek-as-elite-internet-commentariat Young Adults from Auckland take on the corporate landscape with calculated confidence. Consult the user manual and it'll be alright; look at the stock footage leisure styles modelled at the beach, grab your guy/girl and feel part of the global Upskill Team. You're just a drop in the beautiful ocean. “A drop of blood in the ocean is just a drop of blood in the ocean”. Blood attracts sharks though. Executive Zone sees beyond the surface. Generously, they want you to too for no ulterior motive. Like Wikipedia but better. Outsourced the donations to you tube dot com. Nice off kilter estranged rock song from these two NZ underground champions, looking forward to what next.

## I AM EXPLORING ALTERNATIVE TIME MANAGEMENT SOLUTIONS

Get back to ya later Star Slushy, Cold Fish etc. Or not because weve got a tight schedule. Her at zine co. Keeping in teacual, , bis cas thurs pre chrissie have a good one heres my cardboard

## THE CHATS – VIRAL VIDEO (SMOKO)

So it look like Gus from Amyl and the Sniffers is from Sunny Coast and has formed a tradie themed band. The video is viral to the point of being on the news. It as been noted by others than it's like Eddy Current, and I noted that Ammyl etc. reminded me of Eddy Current too. That's alright though, I never got to see Eddy Current play. They didn't.

What I'm wondering is where this high school kids got the lyrics from. I mena I could don my Mums high vis vest or my bro's if I wanted (if I didn want to be a pest of a lil sis) and be like "FUCK OFF CUNT" (soz Mum but I id never show you these) smoking a dumper outside some Newstead contruction site and go viral too right, and it'd be hilarious cause I'm a girl. FUCK OFF CUNT FUCK OFF CUNT THATS ALL THEY SAY FUCK OFF CUNT YEAH FUCK OFF CUNT JUST TYRNA ,MAKE IT THRU THE DAY. THERES NOTHING U CAN SAY NOTHING U CAN SAY GOT MY MONSTER, THEN MAH VEE BAY. MAYBE TOO HAYS. CAUSE I DONT GOT NO AD PAY. DUNNO. NUROFEN PLUS. BUT THEY MADE IT ILLEGAL! GOT MY GP, AND HE SAID FUCK OFF, WENT TO MY GP AND HE SAID FUCK OFF, TAKE LEXAPRO... I SAID FUCK OFF CUNT, WHAT IS THAT, I GOT WORKERS COMPO! SO HOW ABOUT THAT, CFEMU, SO HOW BOUT THAT, BUT MY BILLS OVERDUE, NO SPEED OR COLD N FLU, SO HOW ABOUT THAT, M8, **M8**, WHENS YOUR COURT DATE, ON MONDAY? IM SORRY BOUT THAT, HOWS YOUR MISSUS, MISSED THE STEAK NIGHT, GOT THE STITCHES,

Ok The Chats, well they're alight, have to say I love seeing that dumb/smart mullet emerge from that suburban oval incline, and those sunnies, that 3D depersonalising blur, the old comic font. It's

cool. THIS is the shit that should be in triple J mainstream, not channel 9/7//10 news or w/e it was. Should be taken more seriously than something that's made to look like a quick novelty band. Least they're opening for the Cosmic Psychos too.

I can't figure out their typical audience, to be honest, is it actual tradies? People who are unemployed or white collar but want to sympathise? Older middle class officey of rmall business, or media types who want to prove their kudos to the working class and laugh like they know? OR Apprentices who are really relieved that finally, someone in the media sympathises with them and their life? I guess we can expect more from these guys, given the right support. I couldn't write anything 1/3... 1/7.... actually, *anything* as good, *anything at all* at their age. Good on them, give it a go.

I AM SMOKING  
ALONE IN THE CORNER  
IM NOT JOKING  
HAVE YOU GOT A QUARTER-  
OF A SANDWICH  
I LEFT IT AT HOME  
YOU GOT A SANDWICH  
I LEFT MINE AT HOME  
IM OUT OF BOUNDS CUNT  
SO LEAVE ME ALONE  
I LOST MY TEXTBOOK  
SO LEAVE ME ALONE  
Social realism for underdog now?

What're you going to go when you finish school? How high are you in English class rank? This is a moment, Aus Underground. I mean I dunno what they'll actually do – they're smart enough to know their working class schtick won't last too long If they take the bait. Their video's edited by somebody called Matisse Langbein. Matisse after a famous artist ( oh yeah and shout out to Winona Winona Entertainment in Melbs CBD, who chose Kitchen's Floor for their Gummo style Aus film) yeah all get together. I dunno what the google search results are gonna be for this zine but I must be hitting Search Engine Optimisation Genuis level with how many search terms my scattered prose hits. Yeah get to know each other. Has she **ALREADY** moved to Melbourne with this laneway reference? I never made it there.

Anyway you go make some arts/tech/design/entertainment union thing for Mlebourne, right, I still remember going there 2011 and somebody jumped from a CBD building site or something. My friend from back then, Baron Samedi/Hang's Chris talked about it. I still remember. Dont' you forget, art/writing kids. They striked, and you should, tough world but it won't work without them. You might be absorbed into your 'creative' environments if you don't remember. This isn't work like they work. Put it on the schedule.

Alright you got a VB brand deal at like 17? Fuck you of you do. Either this is getting sus, or the new gen of rock kids are brand whores or onto something and im the pout of touch one. So show me a good time, say something as good as your forebears I dare you.

When you think you're staring at a brick wall:

